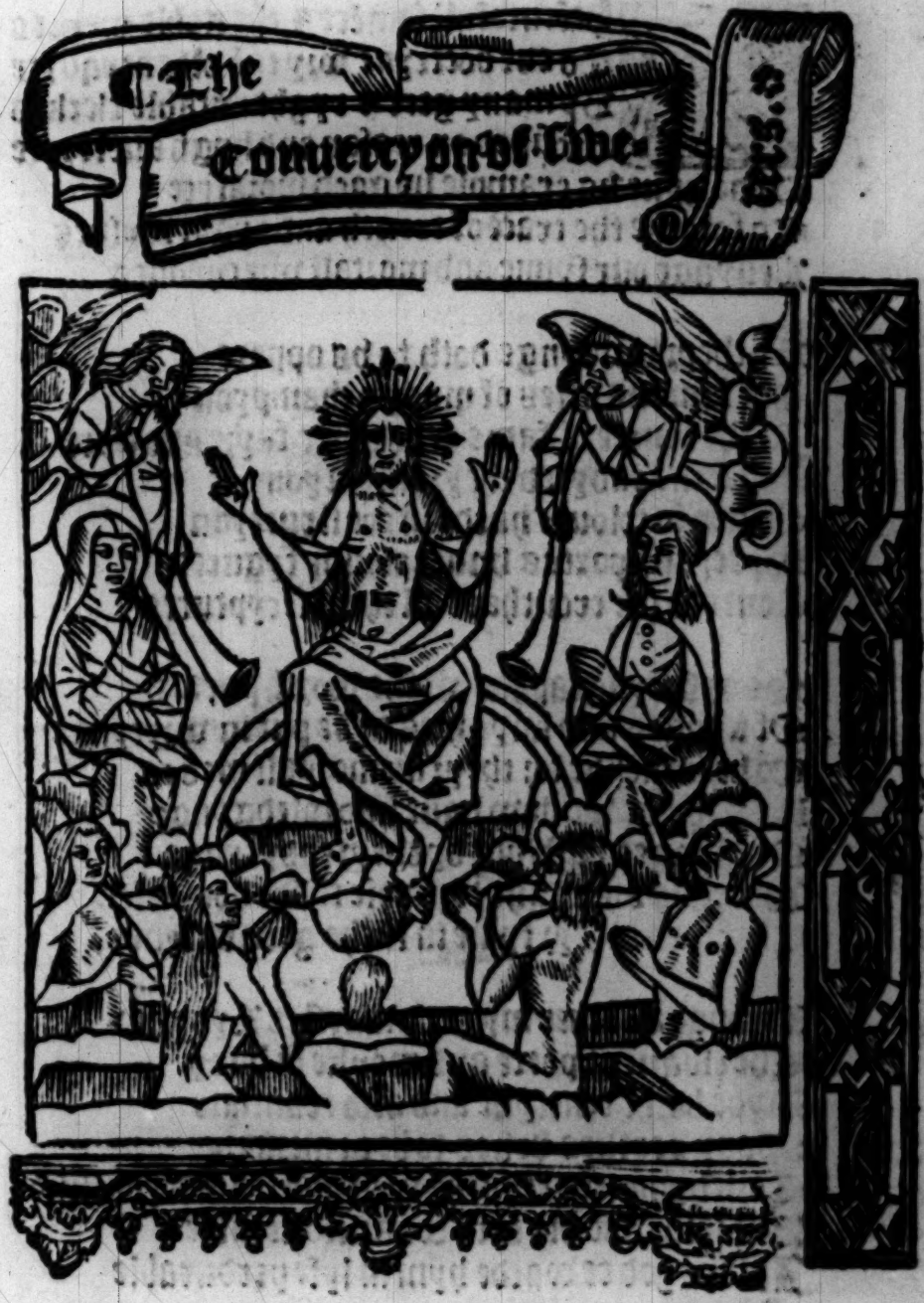

PHO- of HEH 61308

The frutefull sentēce & the noble werkes
To our doctryne wry tē ī olde ātyquyte
By many gret & ryght notable clerkes
Grounded on reason and hygh auctoryte
Dyde gyue vs example by good moralyte
To folowe the trace of trouth and ryght wysnes
Leuynge our synne and mortall wrechednes

By theyr wrytynge doth to vs appere
The famous actes of many a champyon
In the courte of fame renowned fayre and clere
And some endyted theyr entencyon
Cloked in coloure harde in construccyon
Specyally poetes vnder cloudy fygures
Couered the trouthe of all theyr scryptures

So hystoryagraphes all the worthy dedes
Of kynges and knyghtes dyde put in wrytynge
To be in mende for theyr memoryall medes
How sholde we now haue knowledgynge
Of thynges past / but by theyr endytynge
Wherfore we ought to prayse them doubteles
That spent theyr tyme in suche good busynes.

Amonge all other my good mayster Lydgate
The eloquent poete and monke of bury
Dyde bothe contryue and also translate
Many vertues bokes to be in memory
Touchynge the trouthe well and sentencyously
But syth that his deth was intollerable
I praye god rewarde hym in lyfe perdurable

Amonge all thynges nothynge so profytable
As is scyence with the sentencyous scrypture
For wordely rychesse is often transmutable
As dayly dotheappere well in vre
yet scyence abydethand is moost sure
After pouerte to attayne grete rychesse
Scyence is cause of promocyon doubtelesse

I lytell or nought experte in poetry
Remembrynge my youth so lyght & frayle
Purpose to compyle here full breuyatly
A lytell treatyse wofull to bewayle
The cruell swerers whiche do god assayle
On euery syde his swete body to tere
With terryble othes as often as they swere

But also for drede plonged in neclygence
My penne doth quake to presume to endyte
But hope at laste to recure this scyence
Exorteth me ryght berdely to wryte
To deuoyde ydelnesse by good appetyte
For ydelnesse the grete moder of synne
Euery vyce is redy to lette ynne

I with the same ryght gretely infecte
Lykely to dye tyll grace by medycyne
Recured my sekenes my payne to abiecte
Commanndynge me by her hye power deuyne
To drawe this treatyse for to enluminyne
The reders therof by penytencyall pyte
And to pardon me of theyr benygnyte

Con.

A.ii.

Ryght myghty prynces of euery crystē regyon
I sende you gretynge moche hartely & grace
Ryght well to gouerne vpryght your domynyon
And all your lordes I grete in lyke cace
By this my letter you hertes to enbrace
Besechynge you to prynte it in your mynde
How for your sake I toke on me mankynde

And as a lambe moost mekely dyde enclyne
To suffre the deth for your redempcyon
And ye my kynges whiche do now domyne
Ouer my comens in terrestryall mancyon
By pryncely premynence and iuredyccyon
In your regall courtes do suffre me be rent
And my tender body with blode all be sprent.

Without my grace ye maye nothynge preuayle
Thoughe ye be kynges for to mayntene your see
To be a kynge it maye nothynge auayle
But yf my grace preserue his dygnyte
Beholde your seruauntes howe they do tere me
By cruell othes nowe vpon euery syde
Aboute the worlde launsynge my woundes wyde

All the graces whiche I haue you shewed
Reuolue in mynde ryght ofte ententyfly
Beholde my body with blody droppes endewed
Within your realmes nowe torne sapyteously
Towsed and tugged with othes cruelly
Some myheed some myne armes and face
Some my herte do all to rent and race

They newe agayne do hange me on the rode
They tere my sydes and are nothynge dysmayde
My woundes they do open and deuoure my blode
I god and man moost wofully arayde
To you complayne it maye not be denayde
Ye nowe to tugge me / ye tere me at the roote
Yet I to you am chefe refuyte and bote

Wherfore ye kynges reygnynge in renowne
Refourme your seruauntes in your courte abused
To good example of euery maner towne
So that theyr othes whiche they longe haue vsed
On payne and punysshement be holly refused
Meke as a lambe I suffred theyr grete wronge
I may take vengeaunce though I tary longe

I do forbere I wolde haue you amende
And graunte you mercy and ye wyll it take
O my swete bretherne why do ye offende
Agayne to tere me whiche dyed for your sake
Lo se my kyndnes and from synne awake
I dyde redeme you from the deuylles chayne
And spyte of me ye wyll to them agayne

Made I not heuen the moost gloryous mancyon
In whiche I wolde be gladde to haue you in
Now cóme swete bretherne to myne habytacyon
Alas good bretherne with your mortall synne
Why flee ye fro me / to tourne agayne begynne
I wrought you / I bought you / ye can it not denye
Yet to the deuyll ye go now wyllyngly

See
Me (kynde
Be
¶ Agayne
My payne (in mynde
Retayne.
¶ My swete bloode
On the roode (my broder
Dyde the goode
¶ My face ryght redde
Myne armes spredde.
My woundes bledde
Thynke none other
¶ Beholde thou my syde
Wounded so ryght wyde (All for thyn owne sake
Bledynge sore that tyde
¶ Thus for the I smerted
Why arte ẏ harde herted (& thy sweryng aslake
Be by me conuerted
¶ Tere me now no more
My woundes are sore (and come to my grace.
Leue swerynge therfore
¶ I am redy
To graunte mercy (For thy trespace
To the truely
¶ Come now nere
My frende dere. (before me.
And appere
¶ I so
Is wo (Se se
Dyde go

¶ I
Crye (The
Hye

Unto me dere brother my loue and my herte
Tourmente me no more with thy othes grete
Come vnto me my loye and agayne reuerte
From the deuylles snare and his subtell nette
Beware of the worlde all aboute the sette
The flesshe is redy by concupyscence
To burne thy herte with cursed vyolence

Thoughe these thre enemyes do lye the assayle
Upon euery syde with daungerous iniquite
But yf thou wylt they may nothynge preuayle
Nor yet subdue the with all theyr extremyte
To do good or yll all is at thy lyberte
I do graunte the grace thyne enymyes to subdue
Swete brother accepte it theyr power to extue

And ye kynges and prynces of hye noblenes
With dukes and lordes of euery dygnyte
Indued with manhode wysdome and ryches
Ouer the comons hauynge the soueraynte
Correcte them whiche so do tere me
By cruell othes without repentaunce
Amende by tyme lest I take vengeaunce

¶ Exodi vicesimo. Non accipies nomen dei
tui in vanum.

Unto the man I gaue commaundement
Not to take the name of thy god vaynfully
As not to swere but at tyme conuenyent
Before a Juge to bere recorde truely
Namynge my name with reuerence mekely
Unto the Juge than there in presence
By my name to gyue good credence

A my bretherne yf that I be wrothe
It is for cause ye falsly by me swere
ye knowe your selfe that I am the very trouthe
Yet wrongefully ye do me rent and tere
ye neyther loue me nor my iustyce fere
And yf ye dyde ye wolde full gentylly
Obey my byddynge well and perfytely

The worldely kynges hauynge the soueraynte
ye do well obey without resystence
ye dare not take theyr names in vanyte
But with grete honoure and eke reuerence
Thou my name moze hye of magnyfycence
ye ought moze to drede whiche am kynge of all
Bothe god and man and regne celestyall

None erthely man loueth you so well
As I do whiche mekely enclyne
For to redeme you frome the fendes of hell
Takynge your kynde by my godhede dyuyne
you were the fendes I dyde make you myne
For you swete bretherne I was on the rode
Gyuynge my body my herte and my blode

Than why do ye in euery maner of place
With cruell othes tere my body and herte
Wy lydes and woundes it is a pyteous cace
Alas swete bretherne I wolde you conuerte
For to take vengeaunce ye do me coherte
From the hous of swerers shall not be absente
The plage of Justyce to take punyssyment

Unde. Ecclesiastici xxiii. Vir multū iurans impletur iniquitate et non discendet a domo plaga

A man moche swerynge with grete iniquite
Shall be replete and from his mancyon
The plage of pestylence shall not sessed be
Wherfore ye bretherne full of abusyon
Take good hede to this dyscrecyon
Come now to me and aske forgyueneg
And be penitent and haue it doubtles

Augustinus. Non potest male mori qui bene vixit et vir bene moritur qui male vixit.

Who in this worlde lyueth well and ryght wysly
Shall dye well by ryght good knowlegynge
Who in this worlde lyueth wrongfully
Shall hardely scape to haue good endynge
I do graunte mercy but not tyme enlongynge
Wherfore good bretherne whyle that ye haue space
Amende your lyfe and come vnto my grace

My wordes my prelates vnto you do preche
For to conuerte you from your wretchednes
But lytell auayleth you now for to teche
The worlde hath cast you in suche blyndnes
Lyke vnto stones your hartes hath hardenes
That my swete wordes may not reconsyle
your hertes harde with mortall synne so vyle

Wo worthe your hertes so planted in pryde
Wo worthe your wrathe and mortall enuy
Wo worthe slouthe that dothe with you abyde
Wo worthe also immesurable glotony
Wo worthe your tedyous synne of lechery
Wo worthe you whome I gaue tre wyll
Wo worthe couetyse that dothe your soules spyll

Wo worthe shorte ioye cause of payne eternall
Wo worthe you that be so peruerted
Wo worthe your pleasures in your synnes mortall
Wo worthe you for whome I sore smerted
Wo worthe you euer but ye be conuerted
Wo worthe you whole makynge I repent
Wo worthe your horryble synne so vyolent

Wo worthe you whiche do me forsake
Wo worthe you whiche wyllyngly offende
Wo worthe your swerynge whiche doth not aslake
Wo worthe you whiche wyll nothynge amende
Wo worthe vyce that on you doth attende
Wo worthe your grete vnkyndnes to me
Wo worth your hertes withouten pyte.

Wo worthe your falshode and doublenesse
Wo worthe also your corrupte iugement
Wo worthe delyte in worldly ryches
Wo worthe debate without extynguysshement
Wo worth your wordes so moche impacyent
Wo worthe you vnto whome I dyde boote
And wo worthe you that tere me at harte roote.

Blessyd be ye that loue humylyte
Blessyd be ye that loue trouthe and pacyence
Blessyd be ye folowynge the werkes of equyte
Blessyd be ye that loue well abstynence
Blessyd be ye dyrygyns of excellence
Blessyd be ye whiche loue well vertu
Blessyd be ye whiche dothe the worlde eschue.

Blessyd be ye that heuenly ioye do loue
Blessyd be ye in vertuous gouernaunce
Blessyd be ye whiche do pleasures reprouue
Blessyd be ye that consyder my creuaunce
Blessyd be ye whiche do take repentaunce
Blessyd be ye remembrynge my passyon.
Blessyd be ye makynge petycyon

Blessyd be ye folowynge my trace
Blessyd be ye louynge trybulacyon
Blessyd be ye not wyllynge to trespace
Blessyd be ye of my castygacyon
Blessyd be ye of good operacyon
Blessyd be ye vnto me ryght kynde
Blessyd be you whiche haue me in your mynde

Blessyd be ye leuynge euyll company
Blessyd be ye hauntynge the vertuous
Blessyd be ye that my name magnyfy
Blessyd be ye techynge the vyrtuous
Blessyd be ye good and relygyous
Blessyd be ye in lyfe temperall
Whiche applye your selfe to loye celestyall

The byrtyll worlde tyght often transmutable
Who wyll it in this lyfe and tyme well spende
Shall loye attayne after inestymable
For in this worlde he must fyrst condyscende
To take grete payne as his power wyll extende
Agaynst the worlde the flesshe and the deuyll
By my grete grace for to withstande theyr euyll

For who can be a greter fole than he
That spendeth his tyme to hym vncertayne
For a breuyat pleasure of worldly vanyte
Than after that to haue eternall payne
Who of the worlde delyteth and is fayne
Shall after sorowe and crye be be
In another worlde quante sunt tenebre

Who is wyser than he that wyll applye
In the worlde take grete payne by due dylygence
After shorte payne to come grete glorye
Whiche is eterne moost hye of excellence
Where he shall se my grete magnyfycence
With many aungelles whiche for theyr solace
Insacyately do beholde my face

Regarde no Joye of erthely conſyſtory
For lyke as phebus dothe the ſnowe relente
So paſſyth the ioyes of the worlde tranſytory
Tyme renneth faſt tyll worldely lyfe be ſpente
Conſyder this in your entendemente
Bleſſyd be they that my wordes do here
And kepe it well / for they are to me dere

Therfore good hrederne your hertes enclyne
To loue and drede me that am omnipotent
Bothe god and man in ioye celeſtyne
Beholde my body all to torne and rente
With your ſpytefull othes cruell and vyolent
I loue you ye hate me ye are to harde harted
I helpe you ye tere me lo how for you I ſmarted.

Mercy and peas dyde make and vnyte
Betwene you and me but trouthe & ryght wyſneſſe
Do now complayne byddynge my goodhede ſe
How that ye breke the lege of ſothfaſtneſſe
They tell me that by iuſtyce doubteleſſe
I muſt take vengeaunce vpon you ſykerly
That by your ſwerynge agayne me crucyfy

For at the requeſt of good mercy and peaſe
I haue forborne you longe and many a daye
yet more and more your ſynnes do encreaſe
Wherfore my iuſtyce wyll nomore delaye
But take vengeaunce for all your proude araye
I warne you ofte ye are nothynge the better
But ye amende my vengeaunce ſhall be gretter.

¶ Contra iuratores xpm i celo crucifigẽtes: per bernardũ dixit dñs. Nonne satis p̃ote vulneratus sũ: nõne satis afflict⁹ sũ: deline ãplit⁹ peccare: q; magis aggrauat vulnus peccati ꝙ vulnus lateris mee.

Am not I wounded for the suffycyent
Haue I not for the ynoughe affeccyon
Leue more to synne by good amendement
The wounde of synne to me is more passyon
Than the wounde of my syde for thy redempcyon
Thoughe I dospare I shall not desteny
But ye amende to brenne eternally

With my blody wounde I dyde your charter seale
Why do ye tere it Why do ye breke it so
Syth it to you is the eternall heale
And the relefe of euer lastynge wo
Beholde this lettre with the p̃ynte also
Of myne owne seale by perfyte portrayture
P̃ynte it in mynde and ye shall helthe recure

And ye kynges and lordes of renowne
Exhorte your seruauntes they; swerynge to ceasse
Come vnto me and cast your synne adowne
And I my vengeaunce shall truely releasse
With grace and plente I shall you encreasse
And brynge you whiche reuolue in wardely
This my complaynte to eternall glory

A M E N

¶ The auctoure.

Go lytell treatyse deuoyde of eloquence
Tremblynge fordrede to approche the mateste
Of our souerayne lorde surmountynge in excellēce
But vnder the wynge of his benygnyte
Submyttynge the to his merycfull pety
And beseche his grace to pardon thy rudenes
Whiche of late was made to eschewe ydlnes

¶ Thus endeth the conuersyon of swerers made & compyled by Stephen Hawys grome of ꝑ chambre of our souerayne lorde kynge Henry the seuenth.
¶ Imprynted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of sayntJohan euāgelyste / by me Johan Butler

F15.9
7.

Collated + OK
3/29/33 RA